That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silken threed, plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his libertie.
Ro. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweete so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Ro. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest
The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Frier close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

II.iii. *Enter Frier alone with a basket.*

Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning night
Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,
The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,
I must vpfill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,
We sucking on her naturall bosome finde:
Many for many, vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, heatbes, stones, and their true qualities:

For

For nought so vile, that on the e
But to the earth some speciall goo
Nor ought so good but straind fr
Reuolts from true birth, stumbli
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being
And vice sometime by action di

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this w
Poyson hath residence, and med
For this being smelt with that pa
Being tasted, slaies all sences with
Two such opposed Kings encam
In man as well as hearbes, grace a
And where the worser is predon
Full soone the Canker death eate
Ro. Goodmorrow father.
Fri. Benedicitie.
What early tongue so sweete salu
Young sonne, it argues a distem
So soone to bid goodmorrow to
Care keepes his watch in euery
And where care lodges, sleepe w
But where vnbruised youth with
Doth couch his lims, there golde
Therefore thy earlinesse doth m
Thou art vprouse with some dis
Or if not so, then here I hit it rig
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed
Ro. That last is true, the swee
Fri. God pardon sin, wast tho
Ro. With *Rosaline*, my ghostl
I haue forgot that name, and that
Fri. Thats my good son, but wh
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske
I haue bene feasting with mine
Where on a sudden one hath wo

E